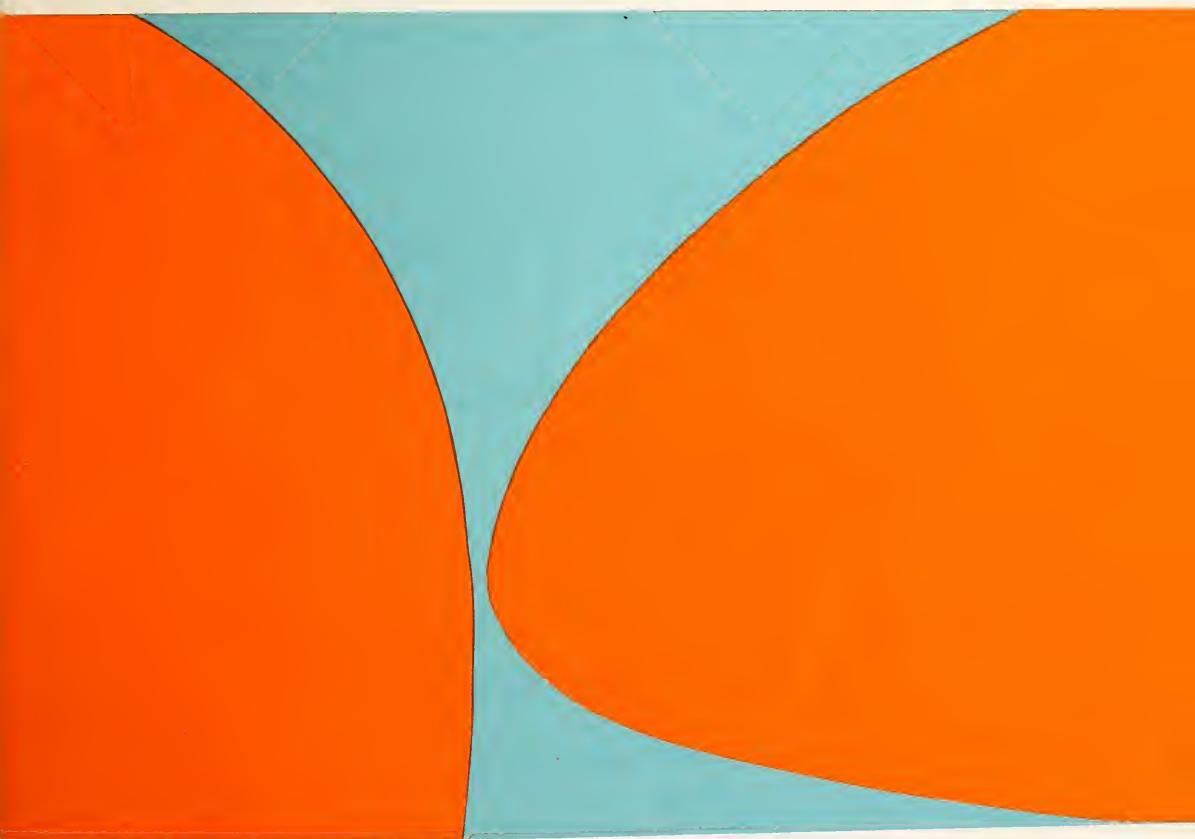


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Published twice each year at Birmingham-Southern College as a means of presenting the best student literary efforts in keeping with the high standards set forth by the Publications Board.

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We are especially grateful to State Senator Larry Dumas and to Odetta for granting interviews to **Quad** for this issue. Mr. Ralph Tanner co-ordinated the Dumas interview for **Quad**.

Cover by Raymond McMahon

The wind is soft along the Saxon coast,
 And heavy in it are the prayers of kings.
 Four feet go damply in the tide's last sand;
 The quick prints are lost in the rush of the surf.
 A pink shell bobs and sinks, not to be found
 By liquid fingers swirling in the flow
 Of minute life, brown in the day-green sea.
 The breakers ripple white. The lovers' laughter
 Is drowned by the sound of a twilight wave,
 Crashing waist high and spreading on the sand.
 With dusk the water and the wind are still.
 Two lovers' faces pale inside the night;
 Stifling is the chill of Norman sails
 Dark white like phantoms, shadowed in the fog.

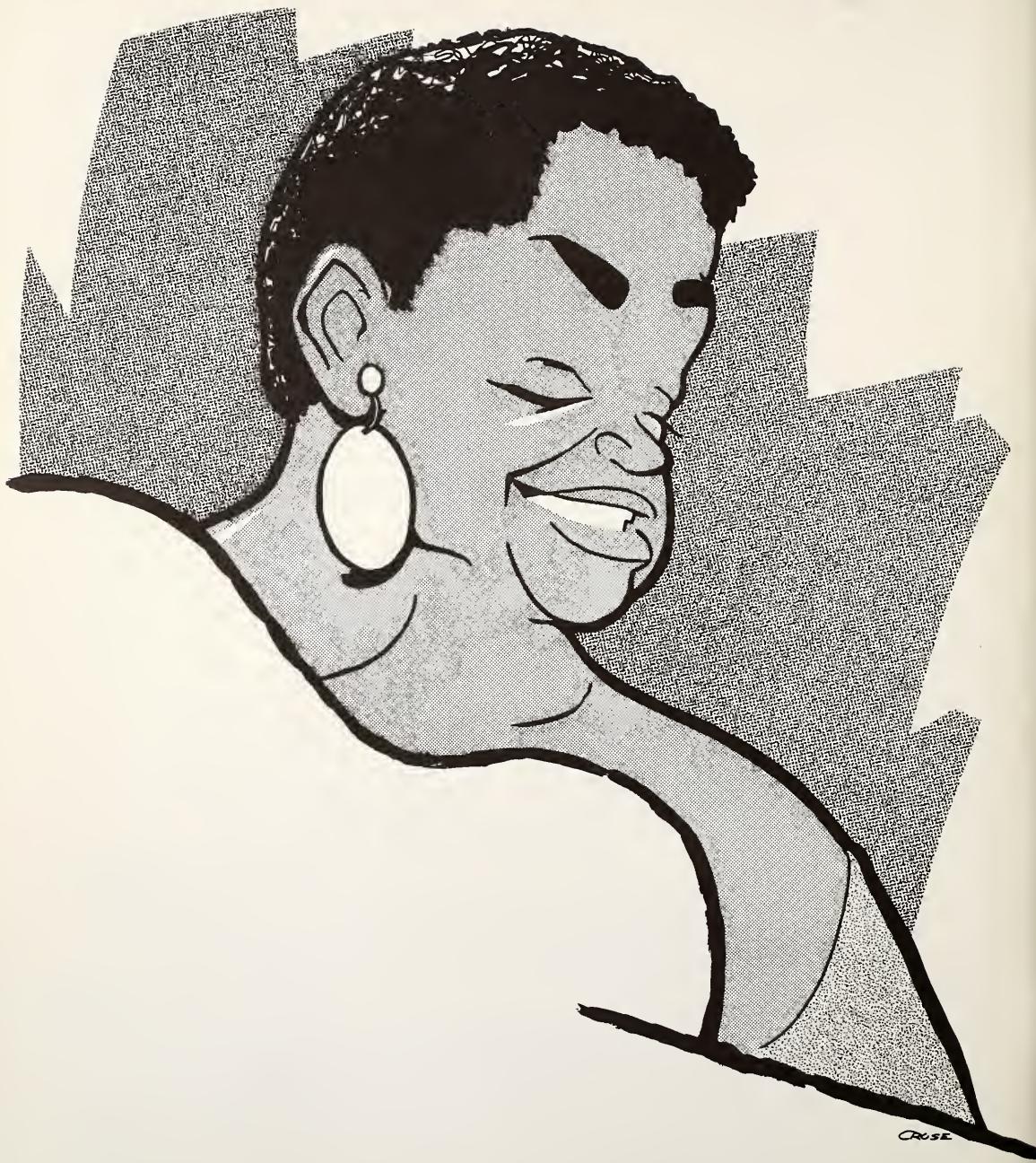
THE WOLF

by Robert Houston

His cry howls down across the steppes,
 gashing moonbeams,
 And winds with cormorant screams
 through toads-back Chinese mountains.
 His hunger is heard raving, wavering
 on undulant midnight radios,
 to hide with the sun in music.
 He slides through Caribbean jungles, leaving his carrion
 at every watering place.
 He sniffs the ground round our foundation,
 looking for an entrance hole
 ---and at once is among us----
 No longer a spectre,
 No longer only haunting,
 His breath feeds fire to the world.

Washed upon whitened sand it lay,
 A mass of being clear until
 The core of opaque orange
 Blocked lucid sight.
 Tentacles streamed toward the sea
 And froth from which it came,
 And the boy loomed over it
 In wonder and in fear.
 Danger lurked in the tentacles
 And beauty in the reddish core.
 Then he covered it with sand—
 It lived and threatened no more.

—Anne Cheney



THE FORMIDABLE ODETTA

an exclusive QUAD interview

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Odetta came home for a concert on Saturday, October 2, 1965. She had been away from Ensley and Birmingham since the age of six, when her mother and sisters had moved to Los Angeles. She is, of course, known throughout the world as the "Queen of folk singers." Many of her performances are to standing-room-only crowds; her record albums are continually best sellers. Her opera training is evident when she sings; it is uniquely combined with the soul only an American Negro can put into her kind of song.)

* * *

Inside the Municipal Auditorium there was a small crowd, too small for such an artist. But Odetta sang well, and her songs ranged over a multi-colored spectrum. Afterwards, she invited her audience backstage for coffee and cake and — yes — autographs.

The first time *Quad* asked Odetta for an interview, she replied, "Are you kidding?" and then, "Well, maybe . . ." but she was swept away by her paper-waving admirers. *Quad* followed her about, a College Joe hound tossing her its leash. Finally, we were ushered into her dressing room, and there she granted the following interview.

Odetta is obviously a friendly person; she leaves her spotlight on the stage, where it belongs. She is a big woman; she wears her hair African style, short and curled. She is above all a formidable conversationalist.

Odetta interview: for QUAD

Quad: Tell me, first off, why are you a folk singer? I know that's a big question.

Odetta: First of all you say it's going to be short; then you ask me a question like that.

Quad: Just . . . ah . . . something small . . .

Odetta: Something small . . .

Quad: Whatever you want to say—

Odetta: Folk . . . folk singing has to do with . . . singing, first of all I like. Folk singing has to do with . . . where we live. Ah, it's, it's, ah, it's practical, it's entertaining, it's, ah, educational, it's everything. Everything. And I think that's my attraction to folk music.

Quad: What do you think that you are doing yourself in the Civil Rights movement . . . for helping Negroes.

Odetta: You never can tell, because that's . . . that's always . . . an individual response. If you have ten people in the audience, you have ten different responses. It can never be a set kind of response. And so, you go . . . you go out to perform and you hope for the best. Ah, the . . . what . . . what we're doing with . . . with folk music is in no way disassociated, or could be, in any way disassociated from the Civil Rights movement.

Quad: What do you think is . . . going to happen with Civil Rights? What do you think is going to be the effect of folk singing on Civil Rights?

Odetta: Well, fortunately, folk singing does not determine what the Civil Rights

movement attains. The Civil Rights movement can use folk music, just as in the past the labor movement, when they were organizing, used folk music. Now, if we look at the past, labor unions were formed . . . and it's old enough now for them to have gotten . . . for some of them to have gotten . . . ah . . . ah . . . oh, what's the word? . . . AH . . . Over-sophisticated, crook-like... you know . . . all that happened. There was a huge movement against the labor movement and unionizing; and this may be the case with Civil Rights. It sounds . . . Something, SOME something is going to happen in the positive. And something's going to happen in the negative.

Quad: What is this, this . . . what do you say about . . .

Odetta: As has happened right today . . . we've seen changes. So it's bound to continue.

Quad: How does it feel to be back in Birmingham . . . to change the subject.

Odetta: Well, we left when I was six, hmmn? When I was six I didn't know anything about Birmingham; I know about my grandmothers, and some parts of my family and

friends of my family . . . and it was terrible to leave them . . . And when I come back, I come back to them, and to a city. But the city . . . they are familiar to me in some way, from the dim past . . . but the city . . .

Quad: I mean . . . the feeling of being a Negro in Birmingham: right here in the middle of the South.

Odetta: All right, now — — — I came into the city, on a plane today . . . I was met at the airport, we went to the hotel — motel — and then we came to the hall. And I have absolutely no experience of being a Negro, with pro and con kinds of experiences, in Birmingham. However: whether it's Birmingham, Los Angeles, New York, Detroit . . . Anywhere else, above or below the Mason-Dixon Line, it feels like being a Negro,

and that's something that . . . that . . . couldn't possibly be put into words.

Quad: I think I've gone too far on your time, here. I'll just close this and ask you, what would you like to say? This is to the students of Birmingham-Southern — recently integrated — this is . . . in the literary magazine . . .

Odetta: Um-hmm. What would I like to see?

Quad: Yes; what would you like to say? What question would you like for me to ask you?

Odetta: Oh, now that's foul play! No kidding! (*And here her laugh, the indescribable laugh of Odetta, as rich as her concert voice.*)

Quad: Uh . . . see or say.

Odetta: Ah . . . see or say . . . I like for . . . A situation in this country, whereby if . . . if someone comes in a restaur-

rant or hotel I'm in, and I don't like the looks of them . . . Say you come in, and I don't like the looks of you . . . we get to the point where, since I'm the one who objects, then I'm the one to leave, . . . not you. And vice-versa. But that's . . . that's . . . I'm looking for fairness . . . I'm not looking for any love from one side of the color line or the other . . . You know that has to come with time. It doesn't come with legislation, and it doesn't come over-night. Just fairness, that's all. That's what I'm looking for. I think that . . . I think that folk music can help a great deal. Music can help.

Quad: Odetta, I hope it can too. Thank you very much.

Odetta: Thank you.

* * *

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POEMS BY SALLY ALEXANDER

UNMASKING

The mask life wears is ever on.
You nor I nor anyone
Shall ever know Life in life.
Only in the immortality
Of Heaven or Hell
Shall you or I or anyone
Recognize Life ---
And weep, or laugh,
Depending on what role we played,
What mask we wore.

TOWN

Crumpled paper blown dusty down the street
races to nowhere on scuttering wings.
Awnings flap emptily like
idiots obediently waving good-by . . .
Sidewalks laced with drying spit, and soot;
traffic lights blinking on and on in
their endless timed martinety.
Garish neon-like jaded burlesque queens
parade the walk in wild choreography.
Direction is lost in the plate glass window,
around the perfect mannequin,
chasing the last cab down the street.

TO A FRIEND

If in some dim and distant hour
When twilight has begun to sliver
The smoke clouding the room we've claimed,
And our eyes begin to numb and weighten,
Our voices to hoarsen,
With the sight and speech of too much understanding;
If, in this strange and dear familiar hour,
You should begin to speak to me
Of love, its awful power, its transfiguration,
I shall be as Thomas doubting before the Christ:
Reaching out to feel the scar of truth
And finding I but plunge my own deep wound.

BEFORE STORM

Trees lashed together like people in crisis,
Unwilling to hold or yet to let go . . .
Grass that cowers before a wind too mighty
To bother to ruffle their fragile depths . . .
Clouds who were drifters form mottled crowds
That delight in the fear of those who tremble,
Not knowing how to fight back . . .

Dust spits back at the rain in futile
Battle, resisting transition to come . . .
Leaves in frenzy grow again, scurrying
On the ground as once on the branch . . .

(Who will tell the storm will end?
Who will say, "Fear not"?
Who, indeed, believes it
When clearly all else fears?)

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THE CHANGE OF THE LINE

by Kendal Weaver

Jonathan Holloway ran ahead and reached the river bank first. Along the water's edge the sand, cool and slippery, oozed between his toes with each splash of his bare feet. One quick jump and he was out of the water, picking his way through the pebbles and dry earth. He came to a halt in front of the big stump, that loomed before him, black and foreboding. The lower half of the stump rested in the water, and was slick from the countless years in which the waves had slapped at its outer covering. Jonathan squatted down near the stump. With cupped hands he gathered a pile of rocks. Eyeing the stones carefully, he chose four that were smooth and disc-shaped. The rest he dropped. Jonathan stood up, brushing his black hair out of his eyes. From the group of pebbles in his hand, the boy took one, wheeled back his arm and sent the disc skipping across the smooth surface of the river. With each skip circular ripples went forth, enlarging until they reached obscurity. Another pebble, another throw, and similar ripples appeared again, performing the same movement. Hurriedly he threw the rest of the stones as the voices of his father and Caz, the old colored helper, became louder.

What they were saying Jonathan could hear plainly, as the two men stepped out of the underbrush and walked towards the stump.

"My neck's so stiff I can't move it," the boy's father said. "Besides, he's been with me before."

Caz threw a distant grin Jonathan's way. "He ain't big, but he's smart," the black man said. "What's he now? Fourteen? Shoot, he can handle the trot line like nobody's business. Ain't no need even for me to go with him."

"Okay," Tom Holloway said, "Let's let him have a go at it."

Jonathan's appearance register-

ed the words he had heard. Before the two men reached the stump, the boy was stiffened with excitement. He was rubbing his hands up and down on his blue-jeans, his brown face beaming. The wink and the toothy grin of the black man assured the boy that what he had heard was true.

"Hey, boy," Caz said, "What you jumpin' like a hooked fish for?"

The boy was standing up and balancing first on one foot, then on the other. "Am I gonna take it, Daddy?" he asked.

Tom Holloway nodded, put his hand on the boy's shoulder, and fastened his eyes on the river water lying smooth with a black tinge shadowed across it by the late afternoon sun. Somewhere in the depths catfish and bass glided slowly, and on its surface dragon flies and water skeeters buzzed around in circles, dipping repeatedly. Overhead a crane winged its way towards the north woods with rhythmic flaps, and down the river a mud duck submerged, then surfaced again, shaking the water from its feathers in nervous contortions.

"I guess the river's ready for you," Tom Holloway said, as he smiled down at the boy. With his gray eyes reflecting a deep pride, he gently squeezed the boy's shoulder.

"We even got you the real stuff," Caz said, "This here's chicken guts, not them stinkin' bacon rines." The old nigger bent down and opened the tin container. He held a piece of the slimy, red and gray bait up to the boy. "Ain't no fish gonna take chicken guts off clean. He'll have to take the whole trot line to do it."

Jonathan looked at the meat held tightly by the black fingers. While the boy took the bucket and began playing with the bait, his father untied the rope, which was

bound around the stump, and pulled a small wooden boat up to the edge of the bank. The boy put the lard bucket in the boat, then cautiously stepped in. With wide but eager eyes he looked at his father and Caz.

"It won't be any trouble, son," his father said, "if you just take it slow and easy. Just one at a time, boy."

Jonathan slipped his hand into the water, grasped the cord tightly, and pulled himself out into the river. The first hook was about twenty yards out.

"Well, let's see what we got here," the boy remarked to himself. The hook came out of the water, shining and empty. "Daggone old bully done took you clean." Still holding the cord in his right hand, Jonathan opened the container and dug down into the chicken guts. With delight the boy moved his hand around in the lard bucket. "All right. Caz says you're the real stuff." He stuck the hook through the meat until the barb glimmered on the other side. With a quick drop the baited hook splashed on the water's surface and slowly sank. "Go get 'em."

The second hook was farther out in the river, ten yards down the trotline. When Jonathan raised it, the bacon rind was still hanging tightly and dripping. "We'll just fix you," he said as he ripped off the rind and threw it into the water. He stuck some chicken fat on the hook, tossed it into the river, and pulled himself to the third bait drop.

The tug on the cord that met Jonathan's pull almost made the boy stand up in the boat. Excitedly he drew on the heavy line. "Come on, baby," he shouted. At first it was a white sliver in the water, then it was a writhing catfish coming over the side of the boat. When the fish hit the floor of the boat,

it made about three quick laps around the wooden frame before the boy could catch it. "Now you stop that," the boy ordered. Jonathan tore the hook from the fish's mouth. "Sorry, fella," he said, fastening the cat to a stringer trailing the boat.

The rest of the way across the river, the boy played the trot line with the same slow and easy manner. It was a game — a game in which the boy laughed and showed the spirit of his fourteen years. Each hook was a stopping place where he found a new ripple of happiness. He landed two more catfish and baited five hooks. Reaching the far side of the river, he got the paddle and brought the boat back to shore. When he arrived, only Caz and a little neighbor boy, Sam, were waiting.

"Your Pa went on back to the house," Caz said, "Here, gimme them fish. Say, there's one real nice one there." The boy handed Caz the string of fish and the lard bucket. Caz grasped each and walked off through the underbrush in the direction of the house.

"How about a swim, Sam?" Jonathan asked.

Sam was flicking pebbles into the shore water. One more stone flew through the air and pierced the water, then Sam replied, "Guess so." When Sam looked up, the older boy already had his shirt off. The copper sheen of his back and shoulders appeared darker in the dim light. Jonathan unclasped his belt and kicked off his blue jeans and underwear. First he lay down in the shallow water by the stump. When he came back out and stood on the dry sand, his flesh was moist and river water was pouring off him. He stretched out on his stomach on the sand and rolled over twice. In a kneeling position he rubbed the sand up his legs, over his chest, and on his face. The sand lay heavily upon his body as he strode back into the water. In a cleansing fashion he

rolled and turned in the coolness of the river. The water was smooth on the surface of the river, and the small shore waves stroked his body gently, serenely. Quickly, Sam undressed, piled his clothes on a big rock, and followed Jonathan in.

The two splashed around freely. They had a race which Jonathan won easily, and they had a breath-holding contest. Jonathan dunked Sam about twelve times and then raced for shore. On reaching the water's edge, he turned and laughed at the younger boy. Sam staggered out, coughing and spitting, but he was laughing too. They used their shirts to dry off and, after dressing, parted ways.

Instead of walking the distance to the house, Jonathan Holloway ran. He ran past the cat tails and weeds, past the saplings on the hillside trail, and past the countless cotton bolls which spotted the twenty acres stretching in front of the house. First he saw a speck, then the tin roofing reflected the red sun, and finally the boy could tell that the person on the porch was his father. Jonathan was breathing hard when he reached the house.

"What's the matter, skipper?" his father laughed. "That trot line scare you?"

"No," Jonathan smiled, "Just running for the heck of it, I guess."

Tom Holloway stood up and punched the boy's arm firmly, "Let's get some supper," he said, as he and the boy boxed with each other playfully.

Jonathan washed his hands in the sink, while Caz put the food on the table. They joked around as usual during the meal. When they finished, Tom didn't have to tell Jonathan when to go to bed. The boy was asleep almost before the sheet was pulled over him.

The next afternoon as gray clouds gathered in the sky, Jonathan Holloway and his father went to inspect the trot line. They walked slowly across the cotton field

and down the hillside, watching the thickness of the summer foliage. When they reached the river bank, the first thing Tom Holloway noticed was the choppy waves in the river, rising and swelling in the middle and lapping at the shore line. By the minute the clouds were getting full and dark.

The father rubbed the back of his neck, his face reflecting the soreness. "I'm gonna take it by myself, son," he said. "I want to make a quick run before it rains."

"Aw . . . okay," Jonathan said reluctantly. He pouted for a second, showing his disappointment, but his attention was soon captured by a lizard perching on a rock. The lizard noticed the boy's sudden concern and crawled off the rock on to the sandy earth. It began to run. Jonathan darted after it. "Ha. Wait a minute," he said as he pounced on his knees and grabbed at the little creature. The boy missed, quickly knee-walked a couple of feet, grabbed again, and this time seized the lizard tightly in his right hand, "Well, hello there," he said as he fingered the black nose of the lizard. Softly he stroked its leathery skin.

When he heard the sound, he asked, "Did I squeeze you too tight, fella?" But the sound hadn't come from the blue-black creature in his hand. Unconsciously, Jonathan dropped the lizard and turned around, terrified.

In the middle of the river he saw stretched hands moving frantically above the swells of the water. The boy was running now. The hands were so familiar. He splashed into the river, trying to force the water aside. But the water wouldn't let his legs move. He fell, the water pounding upon him. When he came up he looked across the tumultuous surface of the black water. And now the hands were gone.

Jonathan screamed and cried his way to the house.

And that night when the rain

came, it fell hard, soaking the cotton fields, flushing down the hillside, and pounding on the river. It came in torrents resounding on the roof and sides of the house. But inside Jonathan's bedroom the powerful sound of the rain was only a shallow echo moaning in the dark.

"Take some of this soup Jon-boy," the old black man said. The pillow was all the comfort the boy had. His face was hidden in it, and his hands clutched at its sides. Carefully Caz set the bowl of soup next to the gas lamp which flickered lowly on the bedside table. He pulled a chair around. "There's nothing I can say gonna change anything," he said. "But you just lie there and rest and listen if you want to."

The boy rolled over on his back and wiped at his red face. "What happened," Caz continued, "is mighty hard for people to take. Especially for boys your age. And I know. My own Pa died when I was a kid . . . He burned to death in the woods fire. But I never really had time to hate or wonder or cry about it. There was so much I had to do. And the sun's gonna keep on risin' and settin' just like it didn't know nothing happened. And . . . I guess you see the sun rise and set so much that after awhile it'll get better. I guess it all

happens for a purpose one way or another. The hardest thing is finding out just what that purpose is." Caz leaned down and looked closely at the boy. His eyes were shut.

"I'm not asleep," Jonathan said, opening his eyes. "Just thinking."

"Well, I'll leave it with you. If you need anything I'll be on my cot. You try to rest some." The black man blew out the lamp and left the room. On the night table the bowl of soup cooled, as the boy tossed around and finally fell asleep, exhausted. And late in the night the rain subsided, leaving the farm land quiet, except for the hoot of an owl in the thicket on the river bank.

The sun was just above the treetops when Jonathan slipped out of bed. He stepped into the coveralls that were lying on the bed post and put on a long-sleeved flannel shirt. Holding his brogans in his hand, he walked silently into the kitchen. Caz, lying on his stomach, was still asleep. The boy went outside, sat on the back doorsteps, and laced up his shoes. Under the steps he found the lard bucket filled with chicken guts, and the empty stringer.

As Jonathan Holloway walked across the cotton field, the morning earth was moist. Every leaf, every

blade of grass was polished, glistening in the early sunshine. Down the hillside trail the squirrels scurried through the oaks and sweetgums. Chipmunks ran along the black soil, darting in and out of the bull-rushes. And swiftly the river, filled and bubbling with new strength, cut its way through the sandy terrain.

Jonathan dropped the bucket to the ground and with his hands in his pockets looked out at the water. The wind from the river felt cool upon his forehead. His black hair was blown about with each gust. He knelt down then quickly shut his eyes. When he opened the lard bucket, the bait was there, staring up at him, just as it had the day before . . . And the stump was there . . . And the trot line . . . And the river. Tears streamed down his cheeks. He held his hand over the opening of the container, then jerked it away. He bent over and bit his lip hard.

On top of the hill, Caz watched the boy slowly straighten up. Just as a bluejay screeched over the murmur of the swamp crickets, Jonathan Holloway thrust a hand into the bucket. The old black man turned and walked to the garden to see if the tomatoes were ripening.

Methodically the boy worked the trot line.

* * *



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POEMS BY JOHN YORK FOUST

THE DEER SLAYER'S APPRENTICE

From this snow
fallen
do I know
where
I wish to go?
What I dare?
Feet, here,
as a man's
who walked with care;
see
how straight they are;
no hunter, he.
Are his times
to look
on snow in times
when deer
leave no signs?
They are near.
I, who am alone,
follow
blinded, blown
after him
who knows where he is gone
whose eyes are not so dim.

THE HERALD

The cock watches
like a woman,
the opening of the door
and the coming of the sun.
The cock listens
like a man,
to the shutters of the street
and the noises of the moon.
The cock crowing
like a horn of grief
wakes a dead world
in the heat of a kiss.

THE BERRY PICKER

I.
The sun finds
me sleeping
wakes me
from the blue window
looking in
with warm, round
gold eyes,
nudges
me up
barefooted
on the cold planks.
Pools stir
out of wood:
streams, ribbons
tie knots
on the table top,
and a bowl full
fills brimming
with blackberries,
gleams turns
to the gentle push
of a lordly spoon
until the bucket
empties all
its blackberries
of yesterday,
empties all
into the hungry bowl
of tomorrow.

* * *

Buckets open,
fields are full,
doors open
for the berry picker.

* * *

II.
Many and black
are berries
under the sun
and many bees
hang here
for flowers
under the sun.
Wade in
bees wear
no shoes;
be slow
with toe tips
lest a snake
wind up
your leg;
be slow
and pick them,
and for every two
eat one;
remember,
the bucket gets
her fill
fast enough.
Those then
purple
fingers will
be nimble
in the thorn rage,
the thorn quick
to curse in vain
loud until
the finest there
are picked.

* * *

III.
At midday
the bucket begs
no more
and the sun drags
me west
with the bees
deep and quiet
by white flowers
of blackberries.
Go, go
back, back
to kitchens
and bowls of afternoon
full and ripe
with blackberries.

A WEAVERS TALE

I.

Seven ways to autumn
branch like an elm;
each is full of leaves
dry and gold by frost,
like the hand of a weaver
spread seven fingers wide
to tell a lover's story
spun with golden thread.

II.

And the groves are islands
of red oaks and muscadine;
still islands, far
in the water of ripened wheat,
and there, some days
sailing from the world of harvest,
they gather muscadine,
roast acorns on a fire.

III.

Io,
shall we go
to Naxos?
We could
wade again
across the waves
barefoot
on the stems of wheat.
Damon,
only in the moon
should we go,
for in the day
there is no refuge
from the eyes of the wind
that blows across the grain

gathering secrets like seeds.
We shall go.
At the low of the moon.

* * *

At moon float
frost melts
with ankle heat.
Carry me
above the sea,
Damon,
across the fields of frost,
wave, and stubble ripple.

* * *

In the dawn
they lay their blanket down,
below an oak
where a vine spirals up
in the gold leaves
hidden with muscades and acorn.
And they lie down
journey tired and also hidden.
Sleep awhile.
First, a muscadine.

I V.

Six ways to autumn
branch like an elm;
each is full of leaves
dry and gold by frost
like the hand of a weaver
spread six fingers wide

WORK WALK

by Britt Leach

RONNIE EDGE

Who sits for night,
Who sees the air,
Who tastes the sound,
Who hears the light anew each day,
Let him instruct me.

Narcissus
had only a rippling pool.
I
have had the steady indulgence
of a street
where shop windows
reflect me magnificently;
until I walk through
doors and
Drown in my own image.

THE DEHUMANIZATION OF ART

For over thirty centuries prior to our present one, Art has been primarily anthropocentric in nature. That is, it has been concerned with Man's view of his world; and this view has been alternately objective and subjective, realistic and stylized, classical and romantic. But whatever the method of presentation or representation, the main emphasis has been upon Man's relationship with his world, his physical surroundings, his social and religious experiences, his human endeavors and interests. But in this century for the first time all of this is changing, and Man is losing sight of Man's image in art. In this paper I cannot hope to treat this subject with any real thoroughness; and I only propose to present a survey of this change, its motivations, its prime manifestations and artists, and its relationship to the general loss of the individual, identifiable Self in the modern world.

In the 19th Century selfhood was at its peak, encouraged by the Romantic movement and its reaction against not only academic Classicism in all aspects but also against the dehumanizing of the world by Descartes and 17th Century Science, which had left the universe a mechanical system in which man was a stranger. The Romantics reintroduced into Art a homocentric, psychocentric principle, whose greatest freedom was a freedom of consciousness. This was a reaction against the separation Descartes had made between the world outside (objective) and the world inside (subjective), the *res externa* and the *res cogitans*; and anti-Copernican revolt which once again placed Man at the center of the universe.

The Romantics subjected their world to a temperament, the great universal machine to a human operator. Schopenhauer asserted

that "the world is my idea of the world, a creation of my own will and idea." To Descartes the inner world seemed undependable and extremely liable to error when faced with the outer world; yet to the Romantics the outer world did not exist except as it was apprehended by the inner realm, and so the subjective, the self, was superior to the purely objective, the world.

And this outer world was one governed by unalterable mathematical and scientific laws, apprehended by Man; Man could control his world by correct application of these laws. The rationale ruled all; a logical sequence of cause and effect was universally evident; in short, much of life could be understood in an objective, controlled way. And Man was master of all this; the Self waxed confident as never since.

Man was the common denominator, Man against an impersonal universe, Man against established and impersonal institutions, Man against impersonal academic tradition. And Romantic painting glorified this image, this freedom and power, this self-consciousness.

The emphasis was particularly upon the individual, heroic within himself because he was an individual, because of his strongly unified self, his highly personal view of the world. And the emphasis in Art was upon the world as seen by Man, unified in a single moment of time and space.

With the advent of the 20th Century this single viewpoint was abandoned, presumably forever. Cubism, psychoanalysis, relativity—all these gave Man a roving view of the universe, one no longer stable but constantly in motion. The atomic theory with its implications about the movement of particles destroyed the solidarity of matter; Freud and Jung destroyed the image of the single, logical

rational self, exposing multiple subconscious and highly irrational selves in each Man. And analytical Cubism destroyed the Fixed moment in time and space in Art, presenting us with combined profiles and frontal views and all sorts of distorted perspectives.

When the Cubists got inside the geometry of the object, Man lost his privacy in the world of painting, gradually disappearing from the images that he made. And progressively it was no longer a matter of Man against Nature or even in Nature, but of Man as an aspect of things. This art was not popular, and is not really popular today; for Man hates to see himself fragmented, dispassionately analyzed, and removed from the scene. Jose Ortega y Gasset comments on this reception in his essay, the *Dehumanization of Art*, "As men have never commonly practiced any attitude other than the practical one in which a man's feelings are aroused and he is, to some degree, involved emotionally, a work that does not invite sentimental intervention leaves them without a cue."

Yet today, preoccupation with the human content of art, when any does appear, is critically considered to be in principle incompatible with aesthetic enjoyment proper. The portrayed person and his portrait are two widely different things; for example, Picasso's analytic cubistic portrait of Daniel Henry Rahnweiler looks not a thing like the actual natural gentleman. But the portrait presents us with a new vision, a cubistic, geometric analysis of the subject rather than a realistic analysis in terms of light, color, and texture. The human figure has become, rather than a *terminus ad quem*, an object arrived at, a *terminus a quo*, a point of systematic departure. Just as we would today see Monsieur

Rahnweiler from not one but *many* psychological views, and would consider him scientifically not as a solid mass but as a group of constantly moving atomic particles, so did Picasso see him from numerous spatial and temporal angles, and present him to us thus, the modern fragmented Man.

Critics are constantly clamoring for a purification of Art; today it seems this would mean a progressive elimination of the all too human elements predominant in romantic and naturalistic art. In this purification a point can be reached in which the human content has grown so thin that it is negligible, as in the art of Mondrian and Albers. We then have an art which can be comprehended only by people possessed of the peculiar gift of artistic sensibility—an art for the artistic and not for the mass public. (Incidentally, this is one aspect of Abstract Expressionism against which the "Pop" artists were rebelling; they prefer objects which everyone can see and understand to the frankly dehumanized forms and personal visions of the former movement.)

Ortega y Gasset finds several closely connected tendencies in modern art which tend to dehumanize it, among them the prosesities to

- (1) avoid living forms
- (2) see to it that the work of art is nothing but a work of art; i.e. avoid any pretense of "illusion of reality"
- (3) be essentially ironical
- (4) consider art as play and nothing else
- (5) regard art as a thing of no lasting or transcending importance.

By dehumanizing art, Ortega y Gasset means subtracting the human experience from art, deliberately going against reality, shattering its human connotations. "He (the artist) leaves us locked up in an obtuse universe, sur-

rounded by objects with which human dealings are inconceivable, and thus compels us to improvise other forms of intercourse completely distinct from our ordinary way with things." The Absurdist playwright has much the same view of Man today, a fragmented, non-comprehending self hurled into an abstruse, illogical; irrational universe where relationships are based upon probability rather than logic and communication has collapsed, where there is no echo of "I."

Wylie Sypher, in his book, *Loss of the Self in Modern Literature and Art*, states that the modern Self (or rather, non-self) is characterized by "a fear of one's responsibility for things." He goes on to cite how the art of Jean Dubuffet and Piet Mondrian embody this characteristic of dehumanization. Mondrian's paintings he calls "a demodinisation of a very ascetic and fragile variety," an art from which all human values have fled, to leave to their place a superb mathematical impersonality and balance. The artist's precise horizontals and verticals have no trace of either human emotion nor human fallibility, of personality or of error, one feels that the human chance of imperfection has been cleanly, surgically removed. Enraptured by clarity, Mondrian approaches pure thought, a luminous geometry, and he subtracts the self by severely reducing consciousness to a prismatic play of the mind.

To avoid being oppressed by this responsibility for and to things, Mondrian abandons concrete images and instead concentrates upon his own immaculate conceptions of reality. He has reached a silence where art becomes superfluous, which is an untroubled order of absolute geometry, a dialectic of color and line above suspicion. This is a perfection removed from ordinary human experience, a manifestation of pure essence and

creative genius—but totally unrelated to Man. Earlier painters may have given us an idealized picture of the world, but they included idealized Man in these presentations. Mondrian's paintings are beautiful in a strangely scientific way, the same way an expertly solved and diagrammed mathematics or physics problem may be considered beautiful. And they reflect the artist's concept of a perfectly organized universe, following logical and rational patterns throughout infinity, minus the human capability for error.

Jean Dubuffet deliberately sets out to de-individualize Man; in his work the human figure loses his importance and can hardly be distinguished from his surroundings. Nature or chance, rather than Man, takes first place. There is nothing to individualize Dubuffet's people, his portraits of men, his rude women. These are the anonymous figures we pass in the street without seeing them, or the vague, undifferentiated person we ourselves appear to others. His work destroys the myth of man's supreme importance which corroborates our arrogant conviction that we have an absolute existence in other people's memory. Dubuffet intensifies our solitude by forcing us not only into the general anonymity of the crowd but even into that of formless matter.

Dubuffet refutes, in his work, the notion that the self stands separate from the universe. For him the painter and painting, the object and its environs, are one and the same thing. Man cannot objectively evaluate or comprehend anything, i.e. get out of himself completely to observe; the mind is always a part of that which is being contemplated. So there is lost from art today the "romantic isolation" of the Self; the painter no longer stands back from his painting neither before its creation to "objectively" plan its pattern, nor after its completion to disinvolve

himself from his work. In the work of such "action painters" as Jackson Pollock and de Rooning, the form of the painting is determined completely by the physical motions of the painter as he creates it; thus we have existential painting, so to speak, whose existence determines its formal essence.

In Art today Man has become just a thing among things, and indeed, all recognizable living forms have disappeared. We see presented now not a man's view of the outside world but his view of his own inner world, related in abstract and distorted terms. Cezanne, in his first cubist searchings, surely never dreamed what revolutions his planes would spark, what abandonment of the human figure, what progressive introspection would follow his split viewpoints.

This loss of the self, the gradual disintegration of the idea that Man is a singularly conscious, primarily rational being, has been expressed in other forms than Art, most particularly in the drama of such playwrights as Samuel

Beckett, Franz Kafka, and Eugene Ionesco. These three share the feeling that modern man is becoming a mere statistic, an anonymous body, drowned in a sea of mass-communicated banality. Beckett dramatizes the stasis of our lives today, bound up as they are in mass-living and a generally bourgeois mentality; the futility of action yet Man's need to "do something—go somewhere;" the pitiful anti-hero, the tramp, the dying man, in an anti-heroic age.

Eugene Ionesco, too, is aware of "the void at the center of things," and of the absurdity, the predominant illogicality, of Man in his world. His point of departure into Absurdist theatre was his discovery that language has fallen to pieces, that it no longer serves to communicate from Man to Man. Hence the jumbled banalities and gibberish that constitutes much of his dialogue, the trite commonplace things that, with the mass methods of today, can sweep all over the world in a minute. Only by realizing this void, and by recognizing Man's

position can Man survive; to feel the absurdity of the commonplace and of language—its falseness—is already to have gone beyond it.

It remains to be seen what new sort of humanism will develop in the future, one based upon modern disintegrated Man in an increasingly mechanized and mass-united world. Just as cubism was a means of exploring the relationship of matter, time, and space, psychoanalysis is a means of exploring Man's relationship with himself. And, so abstract expressionism is in part a means of exploring the artists relationship with his materials; the old image of Man has disappeared not only from his art but in all aspects: the singular Man is no more. But we continue to survive and to create, and ourselves (plural in each case now) continue to multiply; and as art has always been an expression of Man, whatever art will come in the future will unalterably express the new Self, either divided and anxious, or re-united and strong.

* * *

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FOOTNOTES ON THE TEXT

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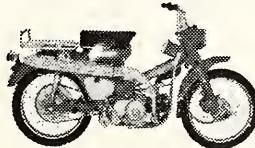
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FOUR LAMP-POSTS

by Robert Houston

On the north coast of Turkey, where the Taurus mountains stair-step down into the Black Sea, lies a red tile roofed port town named Trabzon. They say Trabzon was begun almost three thousand years ago by the Phoenicians, and since that time has seen or felt most of the world's great conquerors and emperors from Alexander and Hadrian to Suleiman the Magnificent, whose Moslem minarets still rule there.

There are many stories about the town, of course, and most have to do with conquests and wars of one sort or another. But there is one story that has to do with neither conquest nor emperor, but with only one enlisted soldier, one dark eyed Turkish girl, one dog, and four lamp-posts.

The story happened in September. In September, every day, clouds appear over the sea before the town, early in the afternoon, and grow toward the land like a loudening roll of kettle drums. They darken the shore, ignore the first green hills, and insinuate themselves inland to slit their bellies on the blue steel mountain tops in the distance. Then there is rain. Each evening, rain warm, but sad, presaging the coming snows that cover all the mountains right up to the green hills of the shore. This particular September was no exception, and, for the soldier, who had seen one September in Trabzon already, was no surprise.

Which particular conqueror, or ally, the soldier served is of no consequence. It is enough to say that he was a soldier, with a shining uniform and a grand blond moustache, that he was far away from home, and that he was lonely, as is only proper for soldiers to be. He was not particularly liked by the inhabitants of the town, of course, except for one dog, a large, grey, kindly dog named Eskeri,

which means soldier. Eskeri in turn was not particularly liked by the townspeople either except for one girl about eighteen years old, named Selma, who had raised Eskeri from his foundling infancy. It was Selma who named him, and she called him soldier because, since she had been a little girl, she trembled every time a soldier was near her, trembled in much the same way that Leda trembled when she thought of the terrible godliness of the swan.

Selma had seen many soldiers, not all with the same uniforms, of course, but all of them to her tall and splendid — and magnificently free. As a child she would stand in her doorway and watch them as they passed over the cobbled street by her house, their brass flashing as rays of rare sun slipped between the grey houses. Or she would meet one as she came from the neighborhood well with heavy water buckets bowing her shoulders, and risk a beating from a passer-by to stand and stare humbly, and try to catch a smile from her god. As she grew up she would sit at her balcony window and watch, more clandestinely now, more hopelessly, quieter, but still with reverent and little girl eyes. More hopelessly, yes, for remember where we are, and what the minareted tragedy of Selma's dead life was. For of all the soldiers, tall as her dreams, that Selma had seen, not one had ever seen Selma. Not one had ever seen her quiet mouth, unlipsticked and full of imagined words, or her perfect cheeks and chin, had ever looked at the wonder in her dark and shadowed eyes, had ever known that Selma lived under the tent of rainbow woolens that covered her from head to black stockings and dusty shoes. For when Selma felt the first itchings of new breasts, and womanhood drew its first blood, her face and body dis-

appeared from the world of life. Veiled and robed, stockinged and shapeless, she was to move with averted face and cautious feet between nowhere and nowhere till her one great blessing of death.

That is, but for the dog Eskeri, and one lonely soldier.

II

Eskeri was a true dog, with the proper mixture of doggish wisdom and doggish stupidity, faithful to his mistress in the extreme, and with a regular, orderly life that he enjoyed tremendously. He was the first up in the household each morning, early enough to walk around the outside of the house three or four times, trot to the sea-shore, sniff a dead dolphin or two, bark at the morning waves, make an idiot of himself chasing gulls, and arrive back home in time to meet Selma as she left for the flowing well to draw water for breakfast tea. At the well there was a long drink from the run-off, and then home to breakfast. While Selma ate, Eskeri visited. The soldiers' camp was only a fifteen minute trot up the side of the hill behind the town, and Eskeri was always sure of a welcome and a handout there. Soldiers are, and always have been, notoriously sentimental, and Eskeri was a happy substitute for dogs of all descriptions left at home. At the camp he would pass the morning pleasantly, and come back to Selma well scratched and ready for an afternoon nap. It was a good life, and Eskeri, were he able to wish, would have wished it to go on forever. But it is a truth that the pleasantest things are always the shortest, and so Eskeri's trips ended. They ended on a Saturday morning in September — on a festival day — and their ending is the story of four lamp-posts.

III

On that particular morning

Selma's life began with its usual dead regularity. There was sewing for her to do, a fire to maintain for dinner, some cleaning to do, a garden to work, tobacco to dry, corn to hang out to harden, and a basket to weave. Eskeri had stayed later than usual with her, and now that he was gone she missed him. Before she sat down to her sewing, she walked to the courtyard door and looked out after him in time to see him disappear around the bend in the road that led to the soldier's camp on the hill.

After the bend, Eskeri cut cross country, past the cannons, to the camp. As he reached the first of the cannons, he stopped to quiver his nose into the breeze and stretch in the last of the morning sun. With the breeze came a familiar scent, a pleasant one which made Eskeri open his eyes and look for its source, the soldier, his friend. He soon located him, standing by one of the cannons further down the line, leaning on its big spoked wheel, and staring at the sea and its toy surf far below. Eskeri stood for a moment and looked up in silence. The soldier was standing with his hat in his hand, tapping it back and forth, back and forth, with a rhythm as dull as the look in his eyes. Eskeri briefly considered yielding to the fascination of a swinging hat and making a lunge for it, but after a time, being unnoticed, whined poutingly, and the soldier turned to him.

"Hey, kid!" said the soldier, brightening. "You're late this morning. Where you been? Getting ready for that damn festival, I suppose, or do they keep you out of it, too?" The soldier bent and scratched Eskeri's ear. "Soldiers and dogs, you know, as the saying goes. I guess we have a lot in common, don't we? Maybe that's why we get along so well . . . or could it be because I always save something from chow for you?" Eskeri snapped at a fly, and the soldier stared at the sea again for

a while. Eskeri blew his nose, and the soldier looked at him again. "Well, whatta you say to going downtown, old buddy? Even if we can't be in their festival, there's nothing says we can't stand around and watch them dance, is there? If I stay around here at camp somebody'll find something for me to do, and if I keep looking at that damn water, I'm likely to go jump in it. Whatta you say, let's go, huh." The soldier stood up and started down the hill. Eskeri hesitated a moment and loped after him.

They cut through a pine thicket alongside the road, and picked up their way past the first bend below and out of sight of the camp. The day was still cool, but humid, and the clouds had already begun to cut off the sun. The road was dirt and crunched pleasantly below the soldier's feet. On either side as they descended were thick corn fields, broken here and there with a hazelnut grove or tobacco patch. Bright birds rode the breeze from the sea inland and Eskeri ran ahead after them. Toward the bottom of the hill, the street changed from dirt to rounded cobblestones, and became lined with houses. As curbs and sidewalks grew up alongside the cobblestones, the soldier began to catch the musty smell of chestnuts roasting, and of noon meals beginning their long trip from stone oven to belly. Farther off, toward downtown, the pair could hear the beat of a festival drum, and the soldier felt an unreasoned sense of excitement begin to quicken in him. Eskeri dropped back beside him, and slowed his pace. The buildings were closer together now, and cut off the breeze that had cooled the soldier earlier. As beads of perspiration began to form on his forehead, he reached to remove his cap. As he did, he stumbled, and the cap fell to the pavement behind him. Eskeri saw the cap fall, and, whether from design or playfulness it would be impossible to know,

pounced on it.

IV

There was cool fig-tree shade in the courtyard beside Selma's house, and she was sewing there when Eskeri nuzzled open the courtyard door and lumbered in with the hat. The sound of the heavy door scraping open startled Selma and she quickly put up her veil before turning to see it was only her dog. But she had no more half stooped to take the hat from him than the door was thrown the rest of the way open and there, like the beginning of a thousand past day-dreams, stood a soldier, his buttons sparkling in the last ray of the day's sun.

Surprised at first, and then, from conditioning, frightened, Selma turned and ran from the courtyard door to the house. Only after she was in the house and closing the door did she think of the cap in her hand. She stood a moment, a terrible indecision stopping all motion, and heard the soldier speaking angrily to the dog in a language she didn't understand. Then, as the soldier turned to go out of the courtyard, something stronger than either training or fear jerked her into motion.

"Effendi! Bir daka, bir daka!" she cried, "Wait, wait!" The door slammed behind her as she rushed toward her soldier. When she was within a yard of him she stopped abruptly, almost with a gasp. "Your hat . . . my dog had it, and I took it from him. Here," she said, and thrust the hat toward him in confusion.

The soldier was now certainly as startled as Selma had been earlier. "Uh, why, yes . . . an . . . yes, it is my hat," he said in heavily accented but passable Turkish.

He stood for a moment, not sure of himself, trying to decide what, if anything, to say next, until she gestured with the hat, "Your hat," she said.

The soldier felt foolish. "Oh, excuse me, of course, thank you."

He took the hat and laughed nervously. Because of the veil, he could tell only by her eyes that she smiled in return.

As Selma stood with her eyes locked on the soldier's, silent for what seemed a full day, she had no idea of what she should do next, or was doing. The impact of a fantasy too suddenly come real was a disturbing thing, and Selma's leaping mind was split between want and fear, hope and knowledge of futility, abandon and suppression. Her whole untried nature of a woman was struggling as one buried alive struggles to get out of his casket, and Selma could only stand and smile, and look.

A moment more, and the soldier broke the crystal contact of their eyes, shuffled his feet, replaced his hat, said, "Well, thank you, again," and turned to go.

As the soldier turned, so did the wheels of quick resolution in Selma. It would be for more, it had to be for more than this space of two dozen breaths that all her dreaming had been. The decision, once made, was certain — it had to be now, this day, this warm September, this soldier, for none of them would ever come again. By the next summer she would be bargained away to bear the children of a shoemaker, or blacksmith, or, if it were a bad year, a fish-smelly fisherman. So with a deep breath for courage, and with a voice she thought would never come, she said, "Effendi, pardon me, but I thought, I mean, perhaps, since the day is so warm, and you've been running because of my dog, perhaps you would like some lemonade. I have it just in the house, and some ice." Even though the soldier's back was turned, Selma had to close her eyes from shock at the enormity of the step she had taken. If she were found even speaking to this soldier, this stranger, they . . . but her mind stopped itself, it was done, and that was that.

With his back still to her, the

soldier said, "I'd really like to, you know, but well . . ." He turned to face her. "Well, we both know how things are here, and your mother and father would, well, they might . . ." His voice stopped as his mind searched for the right word.

"My mother is on a visit to my aunt's house. And my father is at the festival." His eyes again drifted to hers. With a hand that moved as independently of thought as her vocal cords, she reached to her face, unfastened her veil and let the now stronger wind blow it to the side. Her mouth was open ever so slightly and her cheeks flushed as if they were rouged.

The soldier said yes of course. He could do no less.

As the blond moustache and rainbow robes were vanishing into the house, Eskeri turned to find a spot to stretch himself in the sun. But even as he turned, the clouds, blacker and heavier than usual, rolled over the top of the house, blotted the sun, and brought to his nostrils the smell of coming chill, and dampness.

V

Had the street dancers not been so close to the house, or had Eskeri been near, there would have been some warning before Selma's mother and aunt came into the house. As it was, the drums and wildly whining pipes of the dancers drowned out the footsteps and voice Selma would have been sure to recognize, and Eskeri's thirst had gotten the better of his vigilance.

The lemonade had long been finished, Selma had thrown back her hood and let her long hair fall free, black and cool on her neck. She had talked, had bubbled over to the soldier just as she had always known she would be able to do. He had listened, agreed, and taken her hand across the table between them. For a precious few minutes she was an eighteen year old girl, simply and without nation,

religion, or prohibition. The soldier had perhaps expected more, but still considered himself to have had an unheard-of stroke of luck in merely meeting Selma — or any girl, for that matter, considering where they were.

When Selma's mother saw the soldier, her reaction could have been predicted with the immutable certainty of death. As her aunt quickly closed the door, her mother's eyes leapt from the soldier to Selma, to their clasped hands, and back to Selma. "Harlot," she screamed, "Filthy harlot, this, in your father's house, like an Istanbul tramp . . . I'll teach you, I'll teach you!" Her fury lost words, she babbled syllables of shame and shock, she seized a walking stick from a rack by the door, ignored the dumbfounded soldier, and rushed the cowering Selma.

Selma never knew how she found the knife, how, semi-conscious, she thrust it at the blur of black that was bringing the stick down in blow after vicious blow upon her back and shoulders. She only knew that the stick stopped, that the soldier was still there, that her awful anger at what had awakened her from her dream had drained, and that her aunt was making great sobbing screams and clawing at the door latch. She only knew that something was over, was finished forever, that the weight was gone, that change had come finally, and that she would now never, never have to marry a shoemaker or fisherman. Then, as the first peal of the afternoon's thunder rattled the shuttered windows, darkness came around her.

VI

When Selma awakened, the room was full of men, pungent mountain men, street dancers with gaudy sashes round their heads. They had come down from the mountains, fierce and silent, for the festival, and had been in the group of dancers just outside the door when her fat aunt burst from the house.

As the room came into full focus she saw her soldier pinned to the wall by three of the men. Her eyes dropped and she saw her mother's face not three feet away across the floor, eyes staring, and with a flowing red gash from her cheek down her neck, across her throat, and stopping just above her bodice. The first emotion she felt was shock at the sight of her mother, then as remembrance came back to her, she was filled with a detached pity for both her mother and the soldier.

As she looked up directly above her, she saw her aunt pouring out what had happened to a huge solemn man with a heavy black beard and emotionless face. The man's half-open eyes were fixed on the body of Selma's mother. He wore patched black riding pants, boots, a dirty white shirt, and had a long black wool coat thrown around his shoulders like a cape. Slung from right to left across his chest was a full bandolier of bullets. Around his neck length hair was a bright but dirty red scarf, and another of the same material was visible under his dark beard. In his left hand he held loosely a tall walking staff, like that of an Old Testament prophet.

When the aunt's explanation was finished, the man turned and walked to the window overlooking the lower part of town. He stood there a long while, his back to the room, framed by the two minarets of a white mosque visible through the open window. When he turned back to the room, his face was as cold as before, but the slitted eyes now swept the room while the mind behind them was making swift decisions. Soon, in a voice more suited to echoing mountains than the small parlor, he ordered, "Yusuf, bring your wagon around here." A thin man with a heavy black moustache moved toward the door, "Shadi, Imre, tie the soldier." The soldier struggled, but three men held him while the other two bound him with their

scarves. He tried to speak, to protest his military immunity. One of the men spat in his face.

Selma tried to sit up, but the big Turk flicked his staff quick as a snake strikes, and she fell back to the stone floor. With the slits of his eyes opening ever so slightly, the man stepped over and bent down on one knee beside her. She could smell the darkness of the damp wool coat, smell the urine and tobacco smell of his body, and as he bent his face closer to hers, the licorice and alcohol smell of *raki* on his breath. In one motion of standing and ripping he tore the bright wool dress from her, leaving only the coarse cotton slip, black stockings, and shoes. Again he bent, and this time took her wrist with a hand that could have reached twice round her arm, pulled her upright, and pushed her toward the door.

As they stepped out into the rain, a two wheeled donkey cart rattled to a stop before them. The big Turk pulled Selma up into the cart, got in behind her, and motioned for the soldier to be put in with them. When all were in the cart he grunted to the driver and they jerked away.

VII

The jouncing trip south up the hill to the first lamp-post was slow and difficult. The little donkey strained against his heavy load, shaking his head against Selma and the soldier rode quietly, he because he saw the futility of struggle, and she because she knew the futility of wanting to struggle.

Even as they put the rough hemp rope around Selma's neck she didn't struggle — she only wept. The soldier, no more hero than the rest of us, and bound tightly to boot, could make no attempt to help. The big Turk turned to the crowd that had gathered and charged them to watch well, to heed how Allah applied his unchangeing law. Some of the crowd turned away, a

few went to summon what help they could, but most stood and watched with a horrified fascination.

They lowered Selma slowly from the iron arm of the lamp-post so that she would choke and not die of a broken neck. Until consciousness went from her she kicked and writhed in a dance much older than that day's particular barbarism. Although her face was uncovered, her rain-wet hair fell down to make a jagged black executioner's hood, and her white slip clung to her like a shroud. Her soldier sat in the cart with his head on his chest and the rain wilting his moustache until it hung like dead grass over his mouth. He remained that way until Selma's body was dumped in a heap beside him.

Until he was sure she was dead, the big Turk sat directly in front of Selma on the pavement with his head slightly lowered and his eyes looking upward at her contortions through his heavy eyebrows. He sat unmoving and stiff, and held an unsmoked cigarette till it burned to a dead stub in his fingers.

By the time they reached the second lamp-post, on the north side of the city, by the water, the police had of course been summoned. But as the word spread the crowd grew until the thinly spread police found it an utter impossibility to stop it. Besides the girl was dead already, and the body of a harlot and matricide wasn't worth risking one's life for. The governor sent a message to the army for aid, but from the viewpoint of time it was a useless gesture. There were few bands of street dancers still roaming now; most had joined the crowd, and most were mountain men who thanked Allah that nothing of that sort could ever come to pass in his village, with his well trained women. Selma's body was allowed to hang on the second lamp-post long enough for a sufficient number of townspeople to gather for the big Turk to exhort with good effect. Again he pointed out Selma's wet body as an example, especially

making his point to the women watching with vacant eyes from balconies and second-story windows.

The scene in the east, at the third lamp-post, was almost the same as the second, except that the crowd had begun to thin, and the rain had slowed to a slow drizzle. Here the crowd was a bit more lively, though, and one or two of the older members even ventured so bold as to throw a stone or two at Selma's body, and spit on the soldier.

By the fourth lamp-post the clouds had moved past the town and into the mountains, and the sun showed sliding red into the sea behind Selma's softly swaying body. The crowd was even smaller here,

and the big Turk's speech was more perfunctory and hurried than before.

And it was here that Selma and her soldier were left, her body casting a long graceful shadow on the cobblestones, and her soldier tied, half-conscious, to the lamp-post at her feet. The crowd moved away in small groups through alleys and narrow, dark streets. By morning they would be in their mountains, safe and unfindable. As the big Turk turned away from his darkening handiwork, he paused for one last look, muttered, "It was the will of God. So let it be," and was gone.

Almost as soon as the last of the crowd had left into the night, Eskeri came slowly up from the

street to the east. He had followed the scent from lamp-post to lamp-post, and finally here in the west ended his search. When the police and soldiers came later to cut down Selma's body and release the soldier, Eskeri's incessant and mournful howls so irritated one harrassed police sergeant that he put a pistol bullet in the dog's head to quiet him.

The soldier was taken back to his camp. Within the week he was sent home, where he shaved his moustache and married soon after. Selma's father refused to bury her, so she was given a small plot in potter's field, slightly apart from the others.

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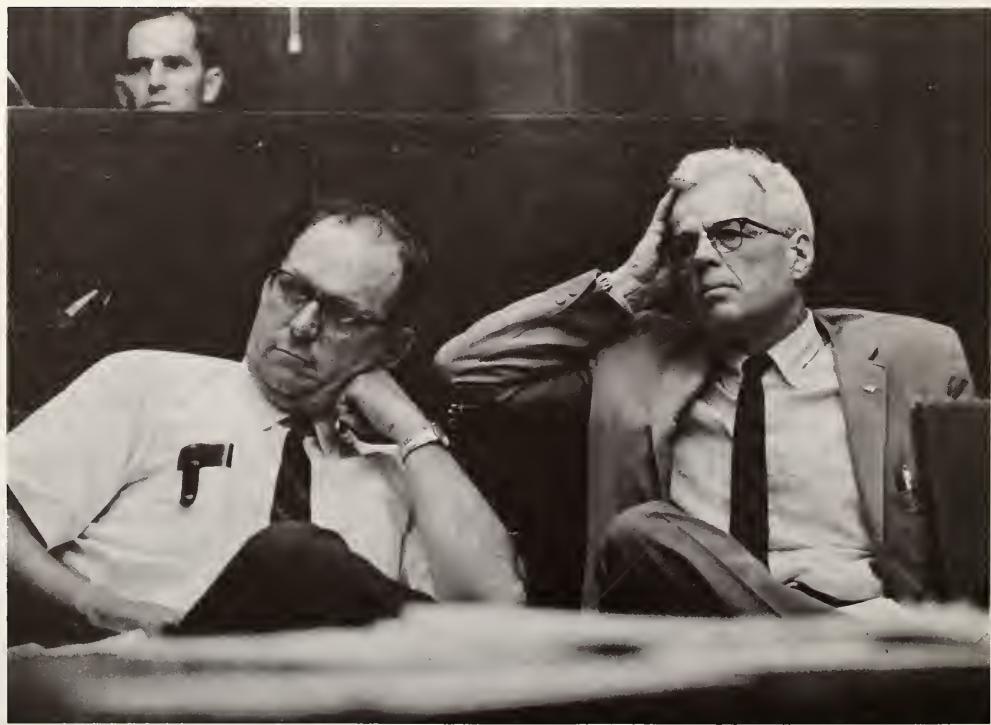
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The Alabama Democratic Split

Quad talks with Larry Dumas



Sitting behind a large desk in the shadow of numerous academic degrees, the distinguished State Senator Larry Dumas, in his famous southern accent, answered various questions for the benefit of Birmingham-Southern Students and *Quad* magazine. In his modest manner, Senator Dumas sought to give some insight into the past, present, and future of the Democratic Party in Alabama.

The Democratic Party in Alabama is commonly known to be a three-headed political group. Some State Democrats see their loyalties in a party fronted by Democratic Governor George Wallace. Another much smaller portion desires to be associated with the National Democratic Party. Lastly, there is the State Democrat who sees his party as neither Wallace nor National. Since the Democratic Party can be roughly divided into these three nefarious segments, the question is exactly what is the future for Alabama Democrats? Where can the Democrats conceivably unite on the political spectrum? And, lastly, what is to be done to meet the growing Republican challenge?

Tossing these questions about, Senator Dumas, recognizing the split, took each possibility as a unit in itself. In the area of a National Party in Alabama, the Senator commented that there was a "definite chance for a nationally orientated Alabama Democratic Party." The National Party is very interested in rebuilding the state party on a national viewpoint. This has been manifest in direct aid, monetary and other, extended to more national candidates such as Carl Elliot. The National Party has not forgotten that Alabamians had no chance to vote for national Democratic candidates in the last election because of the independent electors; thus they would surely like to change. As for the non-national Democrat, Governor Wallace, Senator Dumas pointed

out that the Governor has hurt the National party by his constant attacks upon the administration. The Governor owes nothing to the National Party as he was elected without their help. In a sense, Wallace is more obligated to the Republicans as they did not run a candidate against him, and normally tend not to criticize him.

The Negro Vote in Alabama might spearhead a revival of the National Democratic Party. Senator Dumas commented that:

The Negro as a factor in state politics might furnish a thrust for the National Party. The Negro vote will definitely make itself felt in future elections and it can be assumed that most Negroes will vote for the National Democratic Party. In a close situation, this vote might make the difference in the balance of power. Whether or not this will happen is a mere speculation.

In general, it was determined that rebirth of a National Democratic Party in Alabama would be slow in coming if indeed it came.

In the controversy over what Governor Wallace might do with his immense power in the next election, Senator Dumas said candidly that "probably no one but the Governor knows what he is going to do." The Senator stated that he was against any type of succession for any governor. Generally, he felt that the succession issue had been simplified in the public mind. It is a complicated issue which the legislature has the right and power under the Alabama Constitution to handle. It did not need to be submitted to the people for a popular vote. When told of the moral objection held by many against the Wallace plan to use the Governor's Office (*and state plane*) to run for President, Senator Dumas said in general he agreed, feeling that any campaigning must be con-

ducted with private contributions alone.

Tax money must never be used to the benefit of one man or one party. This isn't fair. Republicans and non-Wallace people pay taxes too. Personal contributions are the only way. I might make one to the Governor myself, for it is a good chance for the Governor, and he wants to run.

When asked to comment on what Wallace will do and what his effect will be on the next election if he doesn't run, Senator Dumas minimized any large effect. The Wallace image and power is not transferable to others. The other candidates will have plenty to do merely beating one another without worrying about the Governor. If after the primary, for example, Republican James Martin and Senator Sparkman are in the Senatorial election, the race may be close. Governor Wallace could possibly make the difference. Whether or not the Governor will campaign for Sparkman or not is again pure speculation.

To sum up the interview, Senator Dumas was asked to comment on the future of the State Party. For the present, Senator Dumas thought that the party would remain diverse and split. "The State Democratic Party is generally disenchanted with everything in Washington — President Johnson, the Domestic legislation, and the Supreme Court — some people have even called all three Communist." If the National Democratic Party or Alabamians do not change, it will continue to be political death to be a National Democrat. Alabamians are proud to be conservative, Dumas felt, and will probably continue in this line, completely disassociated with the National Party. If the diffused party unifies in the State, it will probably be in this conservative attitude.

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